

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Sir Iohn. To helpe King *Edward* in this time of stormes;
As euery loyall subiect ought to do.

Edw. Thankes braue *Montgomery*,
But I onely claime my Dukedome,
Vntill it please God to send the rest.

Sir Iohn. Then fare you well. Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a King, and not a Duke.

Edw. Nay stay *sir Iohn*, and let vs first debate,
With what security we may do this thing.

Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be brieft,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe
That come to succour you, why should we fight,
When you pretend no title?

Rich. Fie brother, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.

Edw. I am resolute once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to lose my life.

Sir Iohn. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.

Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* shall be proclaimed.

Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of *England* and
France, and Lord of *Ireland*; and whosoever gainesakes King
Edwards right, by this I challenge him to single fight. Long
liue *Edward* the fourth.

All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.

Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maior leade on the way.
For this night wee'l harbour here in *Yorke*,
And then as early as the morning sunne,
Lifts vp his beames about this horizon,
Wee'l march to *London*, to meete with *Warwicke*,
And pull false *Henry* from the Regall throne.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Warwicke and Clarence with the Crowne, and then
King Henry, Oxford, Somerset, and the
young Earle of Richmond.*

King.

of Yorke and Lancaster.

King. Thus from the prison to this princely seate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe.

Clarence and *Warwicke*, do you keepe the crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will spend the remnant of my daies,
To finnes rebuke, and my Creators praise.

War. What answers *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?

Cl. *Clarence* agrees to what king *Henry* likes.

King. My Lord of *Somerset*, what pretty boy
Is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

Som. If it please your grace, it is young *Henry*,
Earle of *Richmond*.

King. *Henry* of *Richmond*, Come hither pretty Lad.
If heavenly powers do aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretty boy,
Shalt proue this Countries blisse.
Thy head is made to weare a princely crowne,
Thy lookes are all replete with Maiesty,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a Letter to Warwicke.

War. What counsell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hastie Germanes and blunt Hollanders,
Is past in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes do march amaine towards *London*,
And many giddy headed people follow him.

Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

War. In *Warwickshire* I haue true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne *Clarence*,
Shalt in *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.

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